

the loss of a loved one, Rathus said. For some it may prove a setback, with the event serving as confirmation of their already altered world view and flooding them with painful memories. Others, like Gioglio, may believe their mourning is shared and find a greater sense of community with those now experiencing loss.

On Sept. 22, Michael would have turned 23 years old.

"I know there would have been no stopping him now," Gioglio said.

Her son was no bleeding heart, she said, but he did care about animals, the environment and kids.

"You wouldn't pick him out in a crowd and say 'He's a humanitarian,'" Gioglio said, "but he is there quietly in the background doing what he can."

This time, his work in the background offered some form of comfort to weary firefighters, police officers and emergency workers.

Piece by piece, Gioglio ironed, folded and labeled Michael's clothing, bundling size 34 pants and large-sized sweatshirts into neatly wrapped piles that she delivered to Island Harvest, the Long Island based organization that maintained a warehouse for donations.

"It just stood out because it was clear that somebody went through a lot of trouble to make sure this was going to get to the firemen," said Tom Waring, president of the group, whose volunteers organized about 300,000 pounds of tools, medical supplies, food and clothing. Waring later called Gioglio to thank her.

It was pouring rain the day local volunteers distributed Michael's clothing to rescue workers. A number of people called or wrote letters that same day to say, yes, her note really had helped them feel better.

One rescuer had just wiped the soot from his face and arms with baby wipes and reached for Mike's clean, dry shirt, when the letter fluttered out.

"He said to me, 'I want to run home and hug my kids, but first I wanted to tell you that this is definitely a hug from yours,'" Gioglio said.

She believes that Michael is there at Ground Zero—hopefully as a guardian angel to workers doing the job he once dreamed of doing.

"Letting go of Mike's possessions, I believe, is somehow sending out the troops," Gioglio said. "Maybe I bit off more than Michael can chew, but we definitely have him on the case."

TRIBUTE TO MELANIE KERNEKLIAN ON THE OCCASION OF HER 60TH BIRTHDAY

HON. ERIC CANTOR

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, October 30, 2001

Mr. CANTOR. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize a remarkable woman, Melanie Kerneklian. I have known Melanie for many years and have come to value her as a tireless advocate for the Seventh Congressional District of Virginia and a friend.

Melanie is dedicated to Virginia. She is known as a vocal and effective leader in the community, but is most known for her advocacy on behalf of the Armenian community. Melanie is recognized as a leading expert on the issues of import to the Armenian-American community and has worked on local, state and federal levels to promote awareness.

On October 12, 2001, Melanie celebrates her 60th birthday. Mr. Speaker, I hope you will join me in wishing Melanie well on her birthday and to thank her for her service to so many people.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE TO THE U.S. MARINE CORPS

HON. FRANK R. WOLF

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, October 30, 2001

Mr. WOLF. Mr. Speaker, November 10, 2001, marks the 226th anniversary of the U.S. Marine Corps. On November 10, 1775, a corps of Marines was created by a resolution of the Continental Congress, and throughout the whole of American history the corps has acted with the bravery and honor, courage and humility befitting the American armed services.

In the wake of the tragic events of September 11, and the current military operations which are underway, I am hopeful that America has a new found respect and reverence for our men and women in uniform wherever and whenever they may serve.

As Marines both Retired and Active Duty, Reservists, civilian and uniformed alike, gather cross the Nation to celebrate this momentous occasion, I would like to acknowledge their past service and give thanks for their continued vigilance during these trying times.

This week, in my own district, the Marines of Page County will gather for a humble but memorable celebration at the Luray VFW. To commemorate this special day I would like to submit for the RECORD an essay composed by Thomas E. Lloyd, Major, U.S. Marine Corps (Retired), a resident of Virginia's 10th Congressional District, who has captured the essence of a lifetime devotion to the corps.

[From the Marine Corps Gazette, Nov. 1997]

THE CHANGE IS FOREVER

(By Maj Thomas E. Lloyd, USMC(Ret))

Until recently in my home town, there was an advertising billboard on Main Street with the image of a young Marine officer in Dress Blues with the caption. "The Change Is Forever." Appropriately, the sign appeared about the same time as the 1996 Marine Corps Birthday. Each time that I passed it, the soft murmur of memories echoed in my head.

It's fun to enjoy an occasional peek into the window of our past as long as we know when to close the curtain. One enjoyable way to do this is to celebrate the birthday of our Corps with other Marines. Since our area is rural and fairly remote, a few of us decided two birthdays ago to have our own celebration. Over the past 2 years, it has grown from a few retired Marines gathering to toast the birthday of their Corps to a community event of over 100 Marines, their families, and friends.

There's nothing fancy about our ball—the Marines who can still get into their uniforms wear them, but there are no tuxedos or long gowns. For \$7.00 you get a good, homecooked meal of roast beef, gravy, and mashed potatoes. After dinner, we ask the guests to light a candle for our Corps as two retired Marines parade the colors with a marching glide that does not hint of their combined ages of 140 years. After the reading of the traditional Birthday Message of Gen. Lejeune, the cake cutting ceremony takes place.

As the senior Marine, I then say a few words. In keeping with the type of audience, I try to make my remarks emotional, but relevant and to the point. Last year I reminded them that there were no ex-Marines—only Marines.

We are gathered here to honor our Corps and our fellow Marines. We pay homage to tradition and patriotism, to duty and honor, to commitment and sacrifice. The voices of those who have gone before us call out to us with the words that symbolize our Corps—Semper Fidelis! In your present life, you may be a farmer or a truck driver. You may be old or young. Your hair may have grown grey and your middle thick. Life and the inevitable progression of time changes our outward appearance, but it cannot alter what is inside. Your presence here says what is in your heart; you too have answered the role call of Marines who call out to the next generation—Semper Fidelis. I remind you, as I have before, that you are still Marines. You have been branded with the eagle, globe, and anchor. It is seared into your soul. You have earned the title Marine, and it is yours until eternity.

More than likely, no flag officer will ever speak at our birthday ball, and the Marine Corps band will only play for us via my cassette player. A high-ranking guest speaker, expensive admission, and a prime rib dinner aren't necessarily prerequisites for a successful birthday celebration, but enthusiasm, sincerity, and the spirit of the Marines who attend are.

At the foot of the Blue Ridge, near the Shenandoah river, where the natural beauty of the landscape takes your breath away, you'll find a small group of simple and down-to-the-earth men and women who believe in the motto of their Corps—Semper Fidelis! They remain faithful, even though the Marine Corps that they once knew exists only in their memories and in their hearts. The words on the billboard were more than advertising: The Change Is Forever!

A TRIBUTE TO RAFFI HAMPARIAN

HON. STEVEN R. ROTHMAN

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, October 30, 2001

Mr. ROTHMAN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to a great American, a great public servant, a great expert on foreign affairs, a great staff member, a great campaign worker, a great brother, son and husband, a great friend, and soon to be a great father.

Mr. Speaker, at the end of this week a man who fits all those descriptions, Mr. Raffi Hamparian, will be departing my office and moving to the west coast to settle down with his wife and the new child they are expecting in January.

He has served for the past five years as my senior legislative assistant and handled all my International Relations Committee and Foreign Operations Subcommittee work. He has been a strong and steady voice in the halls of this Congress for the oppressed minorities of the world and for exporting the best of America to all those peoples hungry for freedom.

Myself and the rest of my staff will not only miss his great expertise at a time when we greatly need such insight into foreign affairs, but we will also miss his friendship. We have all come to rely on seeing his smiling face and hearing his reassuring voice each morning we walk into the office.